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# S E R M O N

I N

C O M M E M O R A T I O N

O F T H E

G R E A T S T O R M O F W I N D,

N O V. 27, 1703;

A N D O F T H E

M O R E D R E A D F U L S T O R M

which threatened the destruction of

B R I T I S H F R E E D O M,

at the eve of the

R E V O L U T I O N:

P R E A C H E D I N

*LITTLE-WILD-STREET, Nov. 27, 1788.*

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By S A M U E L S T E N N E T T, D.D.

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To which is annexed a

P O E M

To the M E M O R Y of

K I N G W I L L I A M III.

First published in 1702.

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L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. BUCKLAND, PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND  
R. BISHOP, NEWPORT-STREET, NEAR LEICESTER-FIELDS.

MDCCLXXXVIII.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the Poem annexed to this Sermon, which was written by the Rev. Mr. Joseph Stennett, the character of King William is so happily drawn, that its republication, *at this time*, needs no apology: the veneration in which the Author of this Sermon holds the memory of his Grand-father, will, he hopes, be a sufficient excuse for his bringing it forward to public view *in this manner*.





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A  
S E R M O N, &c.

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P S A L M lxxvii. 11.

I WILL REMEMBER THE WORKS OF THE LORD:  
SURELY I WILL REMEMBER THY WONDERS  
OF OLD.

**T**HE memory is a very useful faculty of the human mind, and is never employed to so noble a purpose as when directed to events wherein the wisdom, power, and goodness of God have been extraordinarily displayed. Such a use of the memory is a happy mean to promote genuine piety, and is therefore strongly recommended in the Scrip-

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ture.

tures, and ever urged on their hearers, by those whose office it is to instruct men in the interesting concerns of religion.

It was in a time of deep affliction that the Prophet Asaph penned this Psalm. His affliction he pathetically describes in the former part of it, and then informs us of the expedient he had recourse to, in order to compose his ruffled mind, and exhilarate his fainting spirits. He said, "I will remember the works of the LORD : surely I will remember thy wonders of old."

The grand event he had in his eye was, that Glorious Revolution in favour of the Israelitish nation, which took place at the memorable æra of their deliverance from Egyptian slavery. This was the work of God, accompanied with a series of wonders, the remembrance of which was to be transmitted to the latest ages. God reigns both in the natural and moral world. These were each convulsed in an unusual manner on this extraordinary occasion. The tempest rose to a height. But He who hath his way in whirlwind, and in the storm, rebuked

the tempest, and there was a calm. The scene is strikingly described in the words that follow the text.

“ Who is so great a God as our God ?  
 “ Thou art the God that doest wonders ;  
 “ thou hast declared thy strength among the  
 “ people. Thou hast with thine arm re-  
 “ deemed thy people, the sons of Jacob and  
 “ Joseph. Selah. The waters saw thee, O  
 “ God, the waters saw thee : they were  
 “ afraid ; the depths also were troubled.  
 “ The clouds poured out water, the skies  
 “ sent out a sound : thine arrows also went  
 “ abroad. The voice of thy thunder was in  
 “ the heaven : the lightnings lightened the  
 “ world, the earth trembled and shook. Thy  
 “ way is in the sea, and thy path in the great  
 “ waters, and thy footsteps are not known.  
 “ Thou leddest thy people like a flock, by  
 “ the hand of Moses and Aaron.”

Thus were the Israelites delivered by the  
 miraculous interposition of Divine Provi-  
 dence in their favour. The elements, under  
 the direction and controul of Heaven, be-

came hostile to their enemies and friendly to them: and by these means, as also by an influence exerted upon the mind of the haughty Pharaoh, and upon their own passions and prejudices, their escape from tyranny was effected, and the possession of their religious and civil liberties acquired and confirmed. And thus was the sovereign dominion of the great God, both in the natural and moral world, asserted and displayed. To a mind so afflicted as the Psalmist's was, at the time he composed this Psalm, a recollection of these events was peculiarly consolatory and enlivening.

And now, in the time of our affliction, let us imitate the example of the pious Psalmist, and say, "We will remember the works of the LORD: surely we will remember thy wonders of old." In the time, I say, of our affliction:—not such affliction as the Israelites endured in Egypt, or such as they many times afterwards felt, when their liberties were invaded by their enemies. No such affliction do we feel—no such affliction have we felt, since the family of Brunswick

wick ascended the throne of these kingdoms ; nor are we under any apprehension of the return of those sad feelings, which penetrated the hearts of our brave and pious ancestors towards the close of the last century. No, my friends, it is another kind of affliction we have been lamenting in our prayers to God—the calamity which hath befallen our good King, and the distress in which it hath involved our gracious Queen, her numerous offspring, and a dutiful and loyal people. What heart but feels on this sad occasion ? Sympathy pervades the whole land, and draws tears of commiseration from the eyes of thousands. To alleviate your sorrows by considerations suited to the peculiar nature of this affliction, of which, blessed be God ! there are many, is not my present object. The kind of service wherein we are now engaged will not admit of the attempt. Yet a remembrance of those “ works of the “ LORD,” and of those “ wonders of old,” which naturally fall within our view this day, may have an effect to console our minds even in this trouble, and to inspire us with



confidence in the wisdom, power, and goodness of the great Governour of the Universe.

The agency of Divine Providence in the natural and moral world, is a truth capable of the clearest demonstration. And a bright illustration we have of this important truth, in the two events I am now to hold up to your view. I mean the deliverance of this country from the great Storm of Wind, which we have been used to commemorate this day : and its deliverance from a more tremendous storm, which threatened the total destruction of our civil and religious liberties, at the Revolution. Events that bear a striking analogy to each other, and to those referred to in the Psalm whence I have taken my text. The greatness and goodness of God were eminently displayed in them ; so that we may truly say, they were “ the works of the “ LORD, and his wonders of old.” Permit me to give you a brief account of the one and the other ; to mark those circumstances attending them, wherein the interference of Providence is most observable ; and

to exhort you to a suitable improvement of these things.

We begin with the great Storm of Wind which we are assembled this day to commemorate. It happened in the month of November 1703, and is supposed by a respectable Writer, who has transmitted to us a particular account of it, to have been one of the most considerable tempests recorded in history since the General Deluge. It had blown hard for about fourteen days before the 27th of November. The nearer that time approached, the more the tempestuousness of the weather encreased. On Wednesday the 24th, the wind blew furiously, and did some damage. All the next day and night it continued with unusual violence. And the Friday morning it raged to such a degree, that few people had courage to venture abroad. But as the night came on it rose still higher, and so encreased till about six o'clock the next morning, when, if it had at all exceeded, it is supposed that nothing could possibly have withstood its fury.

Of the amazing strength and rapidity of the wind, we may form some idea from a well-attested circumstance near Shaftesbury in the West. A stone of near four hundred weight, which had lain for some years fixed in the ground, fenced by a bank with a low stone wall upon it, was lifted up by the wind, and carried into a hollow way, distant, at least, seven yards from the place.

The night was excessively dark, which added great horror to the scene, and prevented any one's providing for his security abroad, had that been possible. And the wind, by its extraordinary violence, created a noise hoarse and dreadful, like thunder, which failed not to carry terror to every ear. There were also appearances in the heavens that resembled lightening. "The air," says the writer just referred to, "was full of meteors and fiery vapours, which," adds he, "I am apt to believe were the lightnings we have been told of: for I am of opinion, that there was really no lightning, in the common acceptation of the term; for the clouds that flew with so much

“ much violence through the air, were not,  
 “ to my observation, such as usually are  
 “ freighted with thunder and lightening :  
 “ the hurries nature was then in do not  
 “ consist with the system of thunder.”

Some imagined the tempest was accompanied with an earthquake ; but of this there was no clear proof, and it is easy to conceive how the senses might at such a time be imposed upon. The only mischief that did not happen, to make the night completely dreadful, was the firing of houses. And yet this calamity did befall a town in Norfolk, where the fire, fanned by the wind, burnt with such vehemence, that the inhabitants had no power to extinguish it.

From this short view of the material circumstances relating to the storm itself, the prodigious violence of the wind, the alarming sound heard in the heavens, and the dreadful darkness of the night ; it will no doubt be concluded, that the general consternation was very great. “ Horror and  
 “ confusion,” says my author, “ seized  
 “ upon all, whether on shore or at sea : no  
 “ pen

“ pen can describe it, no tongue can express  
 “ it, no thought conceive it, unless theirs  
 “ who were in the extremity of it; and  
 “ who, being touched with a due sense of  
 “ the sparing mercy of their Maker, retain  
 “ the deep impressions of his goodness upon  
 “ their minds, though the danger be past.”

Whither to fly, for security none knew, except those who had made God their refuge. To venture abroad was to rush into instant death; and to stay within afforded no other prospect than that of being buried under the ruins of a falling habitation: some in their distraction did the former, and met death in the streets; others the latter, and in their own houses received their final doom. The Bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr. Richard Kidder and his Lady, were of this number. But these instances, through the kind interposition of Providence, were not so numerous as might be expected: and many remarkable deliverances there were, of which I shall presently mention some.

When the wind was thus risen to its greatest height, and with it the just fears of  
 thousands,

thousands, then did the God of Heaven interpose. He who rules the storm checked the fury of it, “ stayed the rough wind in “ the day of the east wind \*.” It gradually abated, till at length, after a week’s tempestuous weather, a perfect calm ensued.— Such is the salvation we commemorate, and which none can doubt was of God.

And now it will be expected that I should give some account of the extent of this storm, and of the damage done by it. As to its extent, it shook all Europe. Having taken its rise probably in America, it made its way across the Western Ocean, and collecting confederate matter in its passage over the seas, spent its fury on these parts of the world, whither this army of terror was principally commissioned.

As to the desolation occasioned by this storm, it was not so considerable as might be imagined. Few lives, comparatively speaking, were lost. An account was taken

\* Isaiah xxvii. 8.


of one hundred and twenty-three who were killed I suppose, by the fall of houses. But the number of those who were drowned, in the floods of the Severn and the Thames, and of those who were lost on the coast of Holland, and in ships blown away and never heard of afterwards; is thought within compass to have been eight thousand. Above eight hundred dwelling houses were laid in ruins, in most of which the inhabitants received bruises, and some lost their lives. Few houses escaped being dismantled of their covering, which is clear from the prodigious rise of the price of tiles; for from twenty-one shillings a thousand it rose to six pounds. Above two thousand stacks of chimnies were said to have been blown down in and about London. One hundred churches covered with lead had their lead rolled up, and hurled in prodigious quantities to distances almost incredible. Stacks of corn and hay innumerable were thrown down, or so torn as to receive great damage. Multitudes of cattle were lost; in one level fifteen thousand sheep were drowned. And as to trees torn up by their roots,

the

the writer before referred to says, he himself reckoned seventeen thousand of this description in Kent ; when, tired with the number, he left off reckoning. In short, the damage, he affirms, exceeded that of the fire of London, which was estimated at four millions.

All sorts of people were affected by this storm : not a family that had any thing to lose, but lost something. The land, the houses, the churches, the corn, the trees, the rivers, all felt the fury of the wind. The shipping too suffered considerably. Of the Royal Navy there were twelve ships lost, and most of their crew. Eddystone Lighthouse was destroyed, and in it Mr. Winstanley the ingenious contriver of it, and the people that were with him. Great numbers of merchant-ships were cast away, and above five hundred wherries, besides lighters and barges, on the river Thames. And yet, it is remarkable that the wind blowing from the Western Seas, and so preventing our ships, many of them, from putting to sea, and driving others into harbour ; proved the  
occasion





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escaped : the greater part of them were buried under the ruins, but quickly after taken out with little or no hurt, so that they were all saved. This account is attested by Dr. Gideon Harvey, who lived in the adjoining house, and by Captain Theodore Collier and Mr. Robert Richards, the principal persons of the family. A salvation so extraordinary, and which happened at no very great distance from this place, needs no apology for being thus publicly mentioned.

Thus you have the event we are this day assembled to commemorate. And it ought, surely, to be remembered and acknowledged, with suitable expressions of reverence, seriousness, and gratitude. It was God that commissioned the wind to blow. His voice was in the tempest. And happy were they who received the instruction it was intended to give, and were obedient to it. The consciences of many were awakened at that awful time, but the impression quickly wore off, as too sadly appeared by a circumstance which cannot be recollected, by a serious mind, without real concern. A few nights  
after

after this alarming providence, a play was acted in one of our Theatres, called *The Tempest*. Such was the wretched levity of the times ! How is the patience of God to be admired, and the folly and impiety of men to be lamented !

There were, however, those who devoutly felt and acknowledged the power and goodness of that great Being, “ whose way is in “ the whirlwind, and in the storm, and “ who makes the clouds the dust of his “ feet\*.” Within my remembrance there were some, who retaining a grateful sense of the salvations they received at that time, were used to assemble with us on these anniversary occasions, to offer their tribute of cheerful praise to their Almighty Deliverer. And it was with the most pious views that the worthy Mr. Taylor, who was deeply affected with this extraordinary providence, instituted this yearly commemoration of it. May those views be happily answered, by suitable impressions made on our hearts on the pre-

\* Nahum i. 3.

sent occasion ! Verily, Sirs, there is a God that rules and judges in the earth. His power is irresistible, his justice impartial, and his goodness unbounded. The elements are at his disposal, and under his controul ; and he knows how, if he please, to afflict, to punish, to exterminate, a disobedient and incorrigible people. Famine, pestilence, earthquake, and the stormy tempest, have each of them been employed as the executioners of his wrath. Let us revere his Infinite Majesty, acknowledge his universal dominion, confide in his power and goodness, and be obedient to his holy will.

And now it is time to turn our attention from the scene we have been contemplating, to another of a civil or political description, of which the former affords a striking emblem. We have just felt the horrors of the dark and dismal night that preceded the 27th of November 1703, when the winds blew, the skies blackened, the earth shook, and the hearts of men failed them with dismay ; and we have enjoyed the happy calm that succeeded it. Let us now feel

the horrors of that more dreadful tempest, which was impending on this country in the year 1688 : and let us share with our pious ancestors in the joy they felt on the ever-memorable **FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.**

Auspicious day! made famous many years before by the marvellous salvation of this country from the horrid machinations of Rome and Hell ; and rendered still more illustrious by the arrival of our Glorious Deliverer **WILLIAM THE THIRD** ; a Prince whose memory will ever be dear to the friends of civil and religious liberty. He pitied us in all our anguish, and he fled to our relief, resolving, with the help of God, to save us or to die in the attempt. “ He came, “ he saw, he conquered.” Tyranny turned pale, the arm of despotism was unnerved, bigotry skulked into silence, persecution fled, and the black designs of the sons of darkness were frustrated. O the heart-felt joy of our patriotic and pious fore-fathers ! —to see the prison doors thrown open, the fetters that had been forged in the abodes of darkness knocked off, and the fires of Smith-field,

field, which had been again kindled in their imagination, extinguished!—to see a Prince ascend the British throne, with a heart devoutly sensible of the interference of Providence, and anxiously meditating schemes for the full deliverance of the oppressed, and for securing and transmitting our rights and liberties to the latest posterity!

A century is no inconsiderable period in human affairs: and a century thus ushered in demands an attentive, joyful, and grateful commemoration. It is unwise not to call up these scenes to our view; it is impious not to acknowledge the hand of God in them. He looked from his holy habitation, heard the cries of an oppressed people, and commanded deliverance. The purpose, however, of the present occasion will be sufficiently answered, by a transient view of the gathering of this mighty storm, of its dissipation, and of the happy effects that followed; in all which the influence of Divine Providence may, I think, be marked with a clearness that can scarce fail to convince, or at least confound an infidel.

The arbitrary and illegal measures of James the First, and his Son Charles the First, laid the foundation of all the confusion and miseries of the civil war that followed. When the latter of these Princes had suffered on a scaffold, and when the struggles of contending parties, from various motives, for power, had subsided, his Son Charles the Second ascended the throne. An Act of indemnity was passed, and former animosities were to be buried in oblivion. Yet the men, to whom, for their concurrence in his Restoration, the King owed no small obligations of honour and conscience, and who had reason afterwards to blame themselves for not demanding other security than his word; these men, I say, quickly met with treatment the most ungrateful, cruel, and perfidious.

They were, indeed, allowed to bring forward their proposals for a reformation of the Liturgy, but as this measure was acceded to with no other view than to save appearances, it issued, as might be expected, without effect. Their reasonings were borne down with clamour, and  
their

their expostulations rejected with contempt. So upwards of two thousand ministers, eminent for their abilities and piety, were ejected out of the Church, and deprived of their livings. This, however, was only the beginning of sorrows.

An Act was quickly passed to render Dissenters incapable of certain offices of trust and profit \*, an eligibility to which was their natural and just right in common with the rest of their fellow subjects. Every base method was taken to render them odious, and to excite the public resentments against them. Their most humble and earnest petitions for liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, were denied. Severe and inhuman laws were enacted against them. They were fined and persecuted even to death; many thousands of them perishing in dark and loathsome prisons. And these laws, although since laid asleep by the lenient hand of toleration, still remain unrepealed.

\* The Corporation Act, passed in the year 1662.



At length, the Popish faction gaining ground, it was judged expedient to pass a law\*, disqualifying all from any share in the executive departments of government, who should decline taking the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. In the passing this law, the Dissenters, from an unwillingness to obstruct a measure which in this time of imminent danger seemed necessary, acquiesced; though manifestly to the injury of their own natural rights. They, however, received assurances that provision should be made for their relief; but these assurances were never carried into effect†. This Act, and that before referred

\* The Test-Act, passed in the year 1673.

† “It should be observed,” says Dr. Furneaux, in his Letters to Judge Blackstone, “that the original design of the test was, not to exclude the Protestant Dissenters, but the Papists. See Burnet’s History of his own Times, vol. i. p. 347—352, first edit. It was brought in by the patriots in the reign of Charles II. Second, under their apprehensions of Popery and Popish succession; and is styled, an “Act for preventing dangers which may happen from Popish Recusants;” and the same is said to be its design in the preamble. And when, during the debate in the  
“ House

ferred to, (I mean the Corporation-Act) through the over-ruling providence of God,

“ House of Commons, it was observed, that it was  
 “ drawn in such a manner as to comprehend the Pro-  
 “ testant Dissenters, the court-party endeavoured to  
 “ avail themselves of that circumstance in order to de-  
 “ feat the bill. But the dissenting members disappointed  
 “ them, by declaring, that they had rather confide in  
 “ the justice and generosity of parliament, to pass some  
 “ future bill in their favour, than be the occasion of re-  
 “ tarding or defeating the security, which the present  
 “ bill was calculated to afford to the liberties of their  
 “ country. And this genuine patriotism facilitated the  
 “ passing of a bill then depending in the Commons, for  
 “ their relief from the penal laws; (See Grey’s Parlia-  
 “ mentary Debates, vol. ii. p. 36. 38. 83.) which be-  
 “ ing sent up to the Lords, and coming down with some  
 “ amendments, the parliament was suddenly prorogued  
 “ thro’ the resentment of the court, and the intended fa-  
 “ vour to the Dissenters prevented. See Grey’s Parlia-  
 “ mentary Debates, vol. ii. p. 180. And when after-  
 “ wards in the year 1680, a bill in favour of the Dis-  
 “ senters repealing the 35 Eliz. c. 1. passed both  
 “ Houses, and lay ready for the royal assent, the court  
 “ ventured upon a very extraordinary expedient: the  
 “ clerk of the crown was ordered to convey away the  
 “ bill; and, accordingly it was never afterwards to be  
 “ found. Burnet, *ubi supra*, p. 494. 495.”

See Furneaux’s Let. to Judge Blackstone,  
 2d edit. p. 180, 181.

have operated to their no small advantage, by checking that fondness for worldly power and splendor, which is the bane of religion. A consideration which would create a total indifference in the breasts of many pious men to the repeal of those laws, so far as they regard the Protestant Dissenters ; were it not for the further consideration, that they have proved, and still do prove, the unhappy occasion, in innumerable instances, of an horrid prostitution of the most sacred rite of our holy religion. A reflection which methinks cannot fail of giving pain to every thoughtful mind, as well in the Established Church as among the Dissenters. To proceed—

The King, become a bankrupt by his debaucheries, sold himself to France, and had the meanness to rank among the Pensioners of Lewis, who aimed to enslave all the countries round him as well as his own. Urged to violent measures by his Brother, who dared to avow his reconciliation to the Church of Rome, he so far yielded as to connive at the inroads popery was making  
I
upon

upon us. And after a while, having endangered his own personal safety by hesitating at the counsels of those about him, he took the bold resolution of leaping over the mounds of law and equity, and governing absolutely without his Parliament. In this situation died the profligate and unprincipled Charles the Second, a Papist, there is reason to believe, by profession ; and an Infidel, it is to be feared, at heart.

Eager to pursue the plan of laying waste both the civil and religious liberties of this country, his brother James the Second ascended the throne. The laws of Rome were on his heart, and the rod of tyranny was in his hand. Now the storm gathered thick around, the heavens lowered, the lightening flashed, the bellowing thunder came rolling on. Appearances were, however, in the beginning to be observed. To deceive the credulous, and, at the same time, to take off all restraints from those of his own communion, he published his proclamation of general indulgence ; which, though it afforded present relief to the persecuted, yet, by the claim it made

made to a right of dispensing with the laws, convinced all considerate men that he aimed at arbitrary dominion. A Jesuit, who had been already made the keeper of his conscience, was called to the counsel-table. The rites of the Romish Church were observed in all their pomp at court. Vacant chairs at the Universities were filled with Papists. A Nuncio was solemnly received from Rome, and an Ambassador sent thither with great parade. And seven Bishops, who had the firmness to refuse compliance with his illegal commands, were committed prisoners to the Tower.

In this crisis of our affairs, when the friends of religion and liberty began to give up all for lost, an illustrious band of Patriots arose, and, at the hazard of their property and their lives, confederated for our deliverance. Their counsels were wisely laid, and firmly executed. The Prince of Orange, who had married the daughter of James, they invited hither. He accepted their invitation. In a fleet fitted out by the States he embarked, and on the Fifth of

No-

November, the day following his birth-day, landed at Torbay.

The wretched James was instantly forsaken by his flatterers, and at a loss to whom to look for counsel. Struck with a panic, he had not courage to resist the progress of the Prince towards London, or to wait the event of it. He stole from his palace by night, threw his seals into the Thames, fled in a fishing-boat to France, and sought an asylum from a haughty Tyrant, who had a little before washed his hands in the blood of thousands of his own innocent subjects. And now a dirge at his funeral was the best, if not the only, service his infatuated priests could render him.

Our Deliverer in the mean time, in full confidence of the justice of his cause and the purity of his views, approached the Metropolis, where he was received with the joyful acclamations of a people, who could scarce believe, amidst this scene of wonders, that the manacles were fallen from their hands

hands and they again free. A solemn Convention of the States was called, the rights of the subject were asserted and confirmed, crowns were placed on the heads of WILLIAM and MARY, and the Constitution fixed on a basis more firm than it had ever before stood.

Thus arose out of the ruins of tyranny a building fair and beautiful, stately and majestic, solid and durable. A Constitution which indeed existed before this period, but now received its noblest improvement and confirmation. A Constitution which has liberty for its basis, and is so constructed by a due temperament of the powers of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, as to render it the happiest and most stable form of government on earth. The advantages resulting from it have been realized through a long course of years, which form a period the most illustrious of any to be met with in the history of mankind. Nor need we fear that a building thus reared, under the smiles of Heaven, will receive any injury  
from

from the assaults of despotism, so long as national virtue, and a due regard to the authority of God, remain sacred among us.

The agency of Divine Providence in this wonderful event ought to be diligently noticed, and devoutly acknowledged. To overlook it, or regard it only with a negligent eye, would argue great folly and ingratitude. Forbid it! O God, that Britons, that Protestants, that Protestant Dissenters should be chargeable with this enormous guilt. "It is the LORD's doing." Let it be marvellous in our eyes.

Can we recollect the circumstances attending a Revolution, which makes so distinguished a figure in the history of this country, and not clearly discern a superior influence therein? If the old adage be true, that "whom God means to destroy he infatuates," it is beyond a doubt that James was infatuated of Heaven. His precipitate conduct, immediately upon mounting the throne, in calling his priests about him; his



his sending a solemn embassy to Rome, where he was considered as acting the part of a madman ; his unrelenting fury towards the insurgents in the West, through the medium of those bloody executioners of his vengeance, Jefferies and Kirk ; his treatment of the Bishops for doing their duty ; his flying in the face of the laws, immediately upon his having sworn to observe them ; his refusing the assistance of the arms of France, at the instant he stood most in need of them ; and, to add no more, his duplicity in the business of the Oxford popish professors : these, and many other political solecisms in his conduct, oblige us to acknowledge that he was devoted of God to ruin—of that God who meant by his just overthrow, when in the full career of tyranny, to save this afflicted and oppressed people.

Nor was the infatuation of this unhappy Prince, the only character that marked the interference of Heaven. Many others concurred to direct our attention to that Providence, which sat at the helm of our vessel, when

when thus torn by adverse winds, and at length conducted it to the desired haven. It was GOD who raised up those renowned Patriots, whose exertions in the cause of expiring freedom will never never be forgotten. It was GOD who steeled their breasts against the dread of those tremendous evils, they had to apprehend from the vindictive spirit of a bigotted Tyrant. It was GOD who inspired their counsels with wisdom, unanimity, and firmness. It was GOD who sent us the great, the good, King William, commanding the winds to be obedient to his wishes \*. It was GOD who  
said

\* The great storm that blew from the West, immediately upon the Prince's landing, which prevented the King's fleet from continuing their pursuit, and so shattered them that they were no more fit for service that year ; was a providential circumstance, in favour of the Revolution, much regarded at that time. " I never found," says Bishop Burnet, " a disposition to superstition in my temper : I was rather inclined to be philosophical upon all occasions. Yet I must confess, that this strange ordering of the winds and seasons, just to change as our affairs required it, could not but make deep impressions on me, as well as on all that observed it. Those famous verses of *Claudian* seemed to be more  
" appli-

said of our Deliverer, as he did of Cyrus,  
 " He is my Shepherd, and shall perform all  
 " my pleasure. His right hand have I  
 " holden, to subdue nations before him :  
 " and I will loose the loins of kings to open  
 " the way before him. I will go before  
 " him, and make the crooked places straight :  
 " I will break the gates of brass, and cut  
 " asunder the bars of iron : that they may  
 " know from the rising of the sun, and  
 " from the west, that there is none besides  
 " me, I am the LORD, and there is none  
 " else †."

What remains then, my friends, but that  
 we offer our most devout acknowledgments  
 to GOD for this wonderful Deliverance ?

" applicable to the Prince than to him they were made  
 " on : "

O nimium dilecte Deo, cui militat æther,  
 Et conjurati veniunt ad classica venti !

Heaven's favourite, for whom the skies do fight,  
 And all the winds conspire to guide thee right.

See Burnet's Hist. of his own Times, vol. i.  
 p. 789, 790, first edit.

† Isaiah xlv. 28. ch. xlv. 1—6.

Nor

Nor let us forget the salvation wrought out for us at the demise of Queen Anne, when the designs of arbitrary power were again defeated, and the illustrious family of Brunswick ascended the throne of these kingdoms ; for the securing which event the immortal King William took such wise precautions. Let us also recollect, with heart-felt joy and gratitude, the inestimable blessings we have enjoyed under the mild administrations of the two Princes of this House who have already reigned ; and that happy confirmation and enlargement which our religious liberties have received under the reign of his present Majesty. And while we tenderly feel with him and his afflicted family, in the mournful providence with which they are now visited, let us offer our fervent and repeated prayers to God, that tranquillity may be restored to his royal bosom, that he may again assume the reins of government with distinguished glory, and that, in the mean while, the deliberations of our great men, under the guidance of Heaven, may be directed to the happiest issue.

D

To

To conclude—Let us humble ourselves before God for our manifold sins, which have been aggravated by the magnitude of his favours conferred upon us. Let us retain a grateful remembrance of the obligations we owe to the noble exertions of our brave ancestors. Let the same ardour that inspired their breasts, in the glorious cause of Civil and Religious Liberty, enflame ours. Let us heartily concur in every measure for emancipating our brethren of mankind, in remote parts, from the galling yoke of slavery; and for diffusing the knowledge of God and their duty among the rising generation at home. And, while we watch over our rights with a jealous eye, let us ever remember that a due regard to that subordination in society, which reason and religion teach, is one just and natural mean to secure them. Let us fear God, and honour the King. Let us lead holy and exemplary lives. And, in fine, let us express the cordial affection we feel for the gospel, that most inestimable of all blessings, by every possible exertion in the warfare, wherein our Divine Saviour has engaged us, with sin, the world,

world, and the powers of darkness. So, when God, in the last and great day which is approaching, shall shake not the earth only but the heavens, we shall receive a kingdom which cannot be moved.

**T H E   E N D .**



A  
P O E M

T O T H E

M E M O R Y

O F

His late M A J E S T Y

W I L L I A M I I I.

---

*Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori.*

Horat.

---





T O T H E  
R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E  
*W I L L I A M,*

Lord Marquifs of *Hartington,*

The following

P O E M

Is moft humbly dedicated,

By the A U T H O R.



A  
P O E M

To the MEMORY of

K. *W I L L I A M* III.

---

**W**HERE is the tuneful tribe that sang  
so well

The British hero's acts before he fell ?  
That in no vulgar rhimes so well could show,  
What Britain and the world to WILLIAM  
owe ?

Thro' fields and floods his shining path could  
trace,

Their verse with his immortal trophies grace ?  
Did the harmonious nine with him expire,  
And all soft airs to native spheres retire ?  
Sure when great souls to realms of glory go,  
Poets are left to spread their fame below.

When

When Israel's pious king Josiah dies,  
The weeping prophet mourns his obsequies.  
Smooth numbers first were form'd for noble  
themes,

To paint great deeds, and sing illustrious  
names.

Can you, who by his royal hand were fed,  
Who prais'd him living, now neglect him  
dead ?

Ev'n stones will speak, if you forbear to sing  
So good a master, and so great a king ;  
Great in himself, and bountiful to you,  
Who found in Cæsar a Mæcenæ too.

Is it your pressing grief, or conscious thought,  
That you can never praise him as you ought,  
That makes you stand amaz'd ?——

Make an essay, your gratitude to prove ;  
And if you shew less art, yet shew more love.  
Speak, sons of harmony—Mean while excuse  
The weak endeavours of a timorous muse,  
That has with awful silence waited long  
To hear the sighs of your politer song.

Take up your lyres, and touch the charming  
strings,

th' exit of the best of kings.

Tell

Tell the sad world, what they already know,  
 Tell 'em Britannia's tears so largely flow,  
 Because the great, the good king WILLIAM's  
 gone :

Britannia's tears shall be your Helicon.  
 Tell 'em what earth has lost, what heaven  
 has gain'd ;  
 How he shines there, who here so brightly  
 reign'd.

With his own laurels dress his mournful herse,  
 And deck his marble with more lasting verse.  
 Let distant shores with his atchievements ring,  
 While there are pens to write, or tongues to  
 sing.

No longer this so noble task refuse,  
 Urg'd by th'adventure of a humbler muse ;  
 Who if she does less honour to his name,  
 Yours is the guilt, may yours be all the shame.  
 Propitious heav'n accepts a pair of doves  
 From willing hands, and from a heart that  
 loves.

Can time, or other thoughts, e'er wipe away  
 The deep remembrance of that gloomy day,  
 When the sad whisper thro' our streets was  
 spread,  
 Usher'd by tears, *The good king WILLIAM's*  
*dead ?*

So great a soul, so dear a life resign'd !  
 O how his glories fresh occur'd to mind !  
 What he had done, and what he had de-  
 sign'd !

How every brow with heavy clouds was drest,  
 And they lamented most who knew him best :  
 What was their joy, 'tis now their grief to  
 know ;

What rais'd their pleasure once, augments  
 their woe.

True sorrow in her pomp at court appears,  
 The city joins her undissembled tears.  
 To every temple weeping crouds repair,  
 Hoping to vent their sorrows in their prayer.  
 United sighs express the common woe,  
 Confederate tears to a vast deluge flow.

The priests to heaven turn their complaining  
 eyes,

And interrupt their pray'rs with ardent sighs :  
 Their looks, their gesture, and their voice  
 is chang'd ;

Their thoughts no more in wonted order  
 rang'd :

    s break their periods to give sorrow vent ;  
 their words confus'd and flow, but tears are  
 t.

The

The doleful news thro' all the nation flies,  
Strikes every English heart with deep surprise :

The general grief, the general loss exprest,  
And floods of tears the common father's  
death confest.

Grief sits triumphant in the soldiers face,  
And in his generous breast now finds a place.  
Never did death to them so dreadful show  
In foreign fields, as in this one domestic blow.  
Their warlike trumpets make a dismal moan,  
Their ensigns droop, and drums their trouble  
groan :

O how unlike the same that us'd to go  
Shouting where WILLIAM led, to meet the  
foe !

Those whom the grace of his indulgent  
reign  
Had long attempted to oblige in vain,  
Touch'd with remorse, deplore his hasty fate,  
And weep that their repentance is so late :  
Ungrateful murmurs into praises turn,  
Grudg'd him a crown, but now revere his  
urn :

Con-



Conscious of long neglect in former years,  
 What they in duty owe now pay in tears.  
 So factious tribes unworthily complain  
 Of their deliverer's meek and gentle reign ;  
 The deeds of Moses, and of God forget,  
 Look back on Egypt's shore with fond regret,  
 Slight angel's fare, and fruits of Palestine,  
 And for Egyptian leeks and onions pine ;  
 The servile task of treading clay prefer  
 To freedom with the glorious toils of war ;  
 Chuse to make bricks on Zoan's slavish coasts,  
 Rather than lodge in tents to serve the Lord  
 of hosts.

But when the prophet to the sky retires,  
 The wondrous loss a wondrous grief inspires,  
 Thro' the sad camp a general sorrow reigns,  
 And sighs, for murmurs, now fill Moab's  
 plains.

Those confessors, those candidates for  
 heaven,  
 Whom persecuting rage had hither driven  
 From native shores, to find a kind asyle  
 In the warm bosom of the British isle ;  
 Guilty of nothing but adoring God  
 In bold defiance to a tyrant's nod,

Who

Who racks mens limbs to put their minds  
in frame,  
Burns 'em to guide their conscience by the  
flame,  
To save their souls devoutly cuts their throats,  
And to this pious work dragoons devotes,  
While reverend priests their approbation  
show,  
And glut their bloody eyes with scenes of  
woe:  
Those confessors whom blows could ne'er  
convince  
That true religion governs such a prince,  
Mourn for a king that made 'em doubly free,  
With civil and religious liberty;  
Whose liberal hands dispens'd his royal store,  
To feed their prophets, and supply their poor.

The Belgic lion, touch'd with anguish,  
roars,  
And sends the frightful sound to distant  
shores.

Th' imperial eagle flags his drooping wings,  
Condoling with confederate states and kings.  
Nassau, they cry, the glory of the age,  
Nassau is gone, the scourge of Gallic rage;  
Able

Able to counsel, conquer and command,  
And hold the ballance in his steddý hand.

Stupendous grief! that smote us by surprise,  
And snatch'd away the pleasure of our eyes!

Oft when a nation's numerous crimes have  
try'd  
God's patience long, and long for vengeance  
cry'd ;  
When pregnant storms come lowering from  
afar  
To threaten famine, plague, intestine war ;  
When heaven its just artillery prepares ;  
Some signal the impending stroke declares :  
Earth in her entrails strange convulsions feels ;  
Shock'd with ill-boding fears, she quakes and  
reels ;  
The sun his radiant head in sables veils ;  
Or dreadful comets spread their fiery tails ;  
Loud peals of thunder tear the lightening air,  
And falling meteors shake their flaming hair.  
But no such frightful signs presag'd our woe,  
To give us warning of the coming blow.

Secure

Secure we lay, nor dreaded future harms,  
Under the shade of Nassau's conquering arms.  
Now thoughts on triumphs past our joys re-  
new,

And now fresh laurels seem to be in view.  
Europe had fix'd her eye on him, to be  
The guardian of her common liberty.  
Lewis observ'd his growing interest spread,  
With hate and envy equal to his dread.  
But O the fickle state of human things!  
How frail the life! how vain the pomp of  
kings!

How are we shipwreck'd in the view of shore,  
Our hopes are dash'd; for WILLIAM is  
no more:

In every soul grief joins with conscious dread,  
In every face they both their pallid ensigns  
spread.

What triumphs did our hero's youth presage  
To crown the toil of his maturer age?  
Early he rais'd his country's sinking state,  
For doing good he knew was being great:  
His courage foreign foes could overcome,  
His patience civil factions quell at home.

E

Where

Where noxious weeds with deadly juice  
 abound,  
 There antidotes oft bless the neighbouring  
 ground :  
 While Lewis frights the world with pride  
 and rage,  
 WILLIAM stands up to prop the drooping  
 age :  
 One age our danger and deliverance brings,  
 The worst of tyrants, and the best of kings.

When Albion's cries his generous aid im-  
 plor'd,  
 He soon our dying liberties restor'd :  
 Religion blest th'affector of her cause,  
 And justice smil'd to see reviving laws :  
 And to inhance the value of the good,  
 'Twas done without expence of English  
 blood.  
 The idol-priests his awful presence shun,  
 And fly like scatter'd mists before the sun.  
 Thus by desert rais'd to the crown he wore,  
 He's call'd to rule those he had sav'd before ;  
 While nations round applaud Britannia's  
 choice,  
 own the voice of God was in the peo-  
 's voice. Nor

Nor does he less regard Hibernia's cries,  
But thro' rough seas wing'd with deliv'rance  
flies ;

In wonted danger wonted honour gains,  
Conquers her foes, and breaks her slavish  
chains.

O Boyne ! the world shall WILLIAM's valour  
know,

While thy clear streams, or time itself shall  
flow.

Fame keeps the roll of various places more,  
Known by his conquests on the Irish shore.

To Namur, when the common safety calls  
To plant his ensigns on those haughty walls,  
With daring troops the conquering hero  
speeds,

While numerous foes bear witness to his  
deeds.

With new success, and with fresh laurels  
crown'd,

He still proceeds to gather trophies round,  
Till the proud Gaul a humble friendship  
feign'd,

And own'd the title WILLIAM's merit gain'd.

The Macedonian hero's virtues he,  
 And more possess'd, from all his vices free  
 Himself as well as others could subdue ;  
 While he rul'd men, rul'd his own passions too  
 For Europe's freedom generously fought,  
 Thro' glorious hazards common safety fought  
 Inur'd to clashing arms and roaring waves,  
 To humble tyrants, and unfetter slaves ;  
 Plung'd into storms of fire and seas of blood  
 Not for proud triumph, but for public good  
 Scorning the downy pleasures of a throne,  
 Secur'd our lives, regardless of his own ;  
 Scarce thought a glorious action hard to do ;  
 Scarce thought it great when done, and others  
                   were in view :

Equally vers'd in arts of war and peace ;  
 Laurels and palms he wore with equal grace ;  
 Rather endur'd than e'er enjoy'd a crown,  
 And more deserv'd than e'er desir'd renown.  
 His grace his very foes would reconcile,  
 And melt 'em down with a forgiving smile  
 He bid them live who had deserv'd to die,  
 And if he err'd, 'twas still in clemency.  
 No patriot's guiltless blood disdain'd his  
                   throne,  
 To please another's humour, or his own,  
 Nor would he make a tender conscience  
                   van.

No force but that of reason could approve,  
 To sway the judgment, and the passions  
     move  
 To pure religion, which is truth and love.]

How oft his words the wondering senate  
     charm'd,  
 And every loyal breast with ardor warm'd !  
 For all he said, like all he did, was great ;  
 And when he could command, he would in-  
     treat.

His speech, the lively image of his mind,  
 Majestick, prudent, gracious, and refin'd,  
 Had wond'rous force, and never-failing  
     charms,

Bright as his fame, victorious as his arms.  
 Abroad 'twas but to see, and overcome ;  
 'Twas but to speak, and overcome at home :  
 Nothing was wanting in his finish'd sense,  
 Nothing redundant in his eloquence.  
 Such was the product of his ripen'd thought,  
 He spoke nor more nor less than what he  
     ought.

Still nervous reason every sentence strung,  
 And still his generous heart kept measure  
     with his tongue.

What



What crimson sins, what aggravated crimes,  
Have heav'n provok'd, and stain'd our guilty  
times !

Could none but such a killing stroke suffice,  
To break our rocky hearts, and thaw our  
frozen eyes !

O Britons ! see, too late, what you have lost !  
O Britons ! see what your lov'd sins have cost !  
These have your king, these have your cap-  
tain slain,

And forc'd his heaven-born soul to heaven  
again.

How oft have you refus'd to be reform'd,  
When pious zeal his sacred bosom warm'd ;  
And from the throne inspir'd him to declare  
Against your vices a religious war ?

How oft he call'd to fast, to weep, and pray,  
While you supinely slept your hours away !  
He saw great judgments would great sins  
pursue ;

He saw and said it, unbeliev'd by you.

Who now shall head your armies in the  
field ?

Who wave his sword, and who shall bear his  
shield ?

Who

Who shall your troops with generous cou-  
 rage fire,  
 And all around him martial rage inspire?  
 Who thro' your squadrons swift as light-  
 ning fly,  
 To give fresh vigour with his sparkling  
 eye,

}  
 Leading the way to constant victory?  
 His army was the body, he the soul,  
 T' inform, direct, and animate the whole:  
 In dreadful order firm battalions mov'd,  
 To conquer or to die with him they lov'd;  
 So brave a chief, so great a witness near,  
 They knew not how to fly, or how to fear.  
 Surprise itself cou'd no weak passion find,  
 To disconcert the texture of his mind:  
 When he approach'd the confines of the dead,  
 In fields of war, or in a dying bed;  
 Patient in pain, and calm in every storm,  
 Fearless he seem'd of death in every form;  
 In doubtful battle, or on foaming seas,  
 In treacherous plots, or languishing disease.

When the faint lamp of life was burning  
 low,  
 And now the tremulous flame was hovering  
 to and fro;

Feeling the bonds of nature disunite,  
 His parting soul prepares her wings for flight.  
 Britain and heav'n now share his thoughts  
     and cares ;  
 Britain his counsels has, and heaven his  
     pray'rs.

Thee, fair Britannia, how he long'd to see  
 From civil feuds and foreign dangers free !  
 And tho' in view of paradise, could be  
 Almost content to live again for thee.

But 'tis decreed, the fatal moment's near,  
 No pray'rs or vows can hold him longer here.  
 Our fainting heads no hopeful omen rears ;  
 Just heaven rejects our cries, rejects our tears.  
 Calmly expecting death, the hero lies,  
 Till beck'ning angels call him to the skies.  
 His life was glorious, and serene his death ;  
 His soul the same, firm to his latest breath,  
 Presence of mind in this dark vale retain'd,  
 And no reluctant agony sustain'd.  
 So Moses on mount Nebo smiling lay,  
 When the Almighty kiss'd his soul away.

Great Nassau's dawn was like the orient sun,  
 His wond'rous race of glory soon was run.

No

No clouds of envy could his lustre shroud,  
 And when he set, he set without a cloud.  
 Ah! that so bright a sun should set at noon,  
 A life so useful fly away so soon!  
 Does heaven such gifts as these bestow on  
     men,  
 So soon, alas! to call them back agen!

From this low world his willing soul re-  
     tires,  
 And swiftly to its native heaven aspires.  
 No anxious thought restrains his soaring  
     mind,  
 His royal cares are left with royal dust be-  
     hind.

A guard of angels for his convoy fly  
 Through the vast regions of the parting sky:  
 Charm'd with seraphick musick as they go;  
 He scorns the pageant pomp of thrones be-  
     low.

Æthereal plains convey the sound along,  
 Æthereal hills all echo back the song,  
 Till heaven's wide gates receive the wel-  
     come throng. }

The spacious arches of the palace ring,  
 With tidings of th' arrival of a king.

Armies of cherubs with kind speed resort  
 From distant mansions to th' imperial court;  
 Their charming skill in heavenly sounds  
     display,  
 To grace the triumph of this solemn day,  
 While troops of saints line all the shining  
     way.

The son of Jesh touches his harp, and sings  
 In consort with a choir of pious kings;  
 The happy few who govern'd well below,  
 And for their labours deathless pleasures  
     know.

And O! the joy to meet Maria there,  
 The former partner of his crown and care!  
 What ambient glories deck the happy pair,  
 Whobliss unknown to earthly monarchs share.  
 On Eden's flowery banks they safe reside,  
 Where cristal streams from vital fountains  
     glide;  
 No ruffling storms of war, or faction know,  
 And pity them that feel the weight of crowns  
     below:  
 There reign, blest pair, while your distin-  
     guish'd name  
 Shall glitter in the brightest rolls of fame:  
                     Blest

Blest by this age, and late posterity,  
While there are Britons wise, or just, or  
free.

There reign; expecting that reviving day,  
That will refine and raise your slumbering  
clay;

Give it a heavenly form and godly grace,  
Fit for such souls, and for so bright place.

But, muse, restrain thy too adventurous  
flight:

Glories so-disproportion'd to thy fight,  
O'erwhelm thee with unsufferable light.  
Stoop to the lower regions of the skies,  
And with less dazzling light refresh thy eyes—  
See how the morning spreads her growing  
light,

And drives away the dusky shades of night.  
See Britain's clouds begin to scatter too,  
And scenes of coming glory are in view.  
ANNA the British scepter mildly sways,  
And gives vast hopes of yet auspicious  
days:

ANNA, whom parents frowns could never  
move

From her religion, and her country's love.

O tyrants!

O tyrants! boast no more that WILLIAM'S  
dead,

Since ANNA'S reign shall give you equal  
dread.

Again the trumpet's clangor war declares,  
Join'd with our acclamations and our prayers:  
Associate nations echo back the sound,  
And fleets and armies make the fierce alarm  
round.

great ELIZA crush'd ambitious Spain,  
A sunk their floating castles in the main;  
/ both those tyrants, that forge Europe's  
chains,

and humbled, now illustrious ANNA reigns.  
May she a Deb'rah to our Israel prove,  
Dread of her foes, her people's joy and love:  
On tyrants haughty necks in triumph tread,  
Assisted by the NOBLE CONSORT of her bed.

T H E E N D.









